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the proprietor. That gentleman at last called his men together, told them it was very certain that the devil never appeared to any body who had not deserved to be so terrified, and that as he would keep no

rogues about him, he was resolved to discharge the first man that saw the devil again. The remedy was as efficient as if he had turned a stream of holy water into the mine.  
S. M. S.

## POETRY.

### EPODE.

WHAT pow'r beyond all pow'rs elate,  
Sustains this universal frame?  
'Tis not nature, 'tis not fate,  
'Tis not the dance of atoms blind,  
Ethereal space or subtile flame;  
No—'tis one vast eternal mind,  
Too sacred for an earthly name.  
He forms, directs, pervades the whole;  
Nor like the Macrocosm's imag'd soul.  
But provident of endless good,  
By ways, not seen, nor understood,  
Which e'en his angels vainly might explore.  
High, their highest thoughts above,  
Truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, love,  
Wrought in his heav'nly essence, blaze and  
soar,  
Mortals, who his glory seek,  
Rapt in contemplation meek,  
Him fear, him trust, him venerate, him  
adore.

SIR W. JONES.

### "QUIS DESIDERIO."

CAN shame repress the starting tear,  
Or silence grief for one so dear?  
Descend, elegiac maid, divine,  
And aid the slow funereal line,  
For thou can'st touch the tend'rest key,  
And emulate its harmony.

Ah, wherefore fled this goodly light,  
Sleeps Marcus in eternal night?  
Marcus, whose faith of spotless mien,  
And equity, a sister queen,  
And truth, in virgin beauty bare,  
Of human parallel despair.

For he indeed lamented lies,  
By all the great, and good, and wise,  
And ah, my Virgil, who than thee,  
Can wail with more sincerity,  
Pious, alas, in vain t'abate,  
Or stem the torrent tide of fate.

What if 'twere thine to move the heart,  
Beyond the Thracian minstrel's art,  
To lead the woodland wilds along,  
By pow'r of thy immortal song,  
Yet, ah! the soaring spirit's fled,  
And who shall rouse the sleeping dead?

Till that inexorable God  
Descends, to shake his direful rod,  
Who fills array'd in horrid state  
The formulary page of fate;  
'Tis hard,—But patience to endure,  
May sooth the ills it cannot cure.

B. T.

### TO ANNA.

*A Rondeau.*

IF I were not your lover, your heath I  
would be,  
Your myrtle, geranium, or China rose-  
tree,  
Then at summer's first dawn,  
I should bask on your lawn,  
And to please you, put forth all my  
bloom.

My sprigs at your breast,  
You should wear when you're drest,  
And my blossoms should blow in your  
room.  
My Anna should guard me, as well as  
admire.

She would make up my bed,  
And when age droops my head,  
In winter she'll make me a fire.  
Were I not thy lover, thy flow'ret I'd be,  
And summer and winter be shielded by  
thee.

### EPITAPH

SEVERAL YEARS AGO WRITTEN ON JOHN  
HEWITT, PURSE-BEARER TO THE CHAN-  
CELLOR, AND STILL REMEMBERED.